

A man with short brown hair and black-rimmed glasses stands in the foreground, looking slightly off-camera. He is wearing a blue button-down shirt. The background is a blurred, vibrant night scene of Times Square, New York City, with bright neon signs, streetlights, and other pedestrians. The overall atmosphere is one of a busy, colorful urban environment.

BOSTON COLLEGE

FALL 2017

MAGAZINE

PRESTO!

DIGITAL ARTIST CHRIS DOYLE '81 TURNS
CITY SPACES INTO DREAMSCAPES

BY TIM HEFFERNAN

SEE "BEING THERE" PG. 8.



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BOSTON COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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Photograph by Gary Wayne Gilbert

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Fifty years ago, Catholic college leaders gathered in the Wisconsin woods to consider how they would compete in the postwar marketplace of American education. A Boisi Center conference asks: Could it be time for another meeting?

By William Bole

OPPOSITE: On August 23, the day the freshmen moved into their Newton Campus residences, Olivia Harris '21 (right) of Massachusetts got help from her sister Maya, her father, David, and her mother, Anne.
Photograph by Lee Pellegrini

ON THE COVER: Chris Doyle '81 in New York's Times Square, the setting for his *Bright Canyon* in 2014.
Photograph by Lovis Dengler Ostenrik for @TSqArts

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LETTERS

COURSE NOTES

Re "At the Table," by Zachary Jason (Summer 2017): As the head of a seminar, Professor Mark O'Connor is peerless.

He moves the conversation over an array of texts and ideas, achieving a balance between students' interests and his own. He never shoots down an idea but takes what is best from a comment and turns it into something productive. This reflect his view that the works we encounter may have something to tell us about ourselves that we were previously unable to express.

I am in my second year of teaching literature humanities, the first-year Core course at Columbia University. Whether we're reading Homer, Augustine, or Toni Morrison, not a class goes by that I don't think about how Mark would do it.

Robbie Kubala '09
New York, New York

Ten years ago, I began the formative journey that was Professor O'Connor's seminar. We were blessed with a gifted teacher and a trusted advisor to call on for reflective conversation and guidance in the years to come. Whether hosting former students and their families at his "Lighthouse" in Rhode Island or exchanging emails with alumni on the opposite side of the world, Professor O'Connor has ensured that the conversation continues well after the seminar ends.

Christopher Izant '10
Cambridge, Massachusetts

VETERANS AFFAIRS

Re "In Memory" (Summer 2017): The reprint of reflections by alumni who served in World War I was very moving. The conditions of their service are totally different from those of our age, but their emotions transcend the eras. Recently University alumni chapters, most notably Washington, D.C./Northern Virginia, have participated in placing Christmas wreaths at the graves of alumni veterans. There are three known World War I Boston College family members interred

at Arlington National Cemetery, and likely more we don't know about who rest at Arlington and at other veterans cemeteries. In preparation for this year's wreath laying ceremonies, which will take place on December 16, the alumni office (hcvets@alumni.bc.edu) welcomes the names of University veterans who are interred at veterans cemeteries.

Brian J. Cummins '82
Fairfax, Virginia

HALFTIME

Re "Becoming," by Zachary Jason (Spring 2017): As a non-religious person, my primary concern when I arrived on the Heights in 1996 (besides having enough wall space for my Michael Jordan paraphernalia) was about attending a religiously affiliated institution. Ironically, 17 years after graduation, Boston College's Jesuitness, specifically the focus on service, leadership, community, and reflection via participatory experiences such as retreats and PULSE, is the backbone of my being.

I wonder how many fellow Eagles, reading Jason's description of Halftime, yearned to experience a post-grad version. I did. Michael Sacco notes in the article, "This generation wants and needs formally carved out time to disconnect and make meaning of their lives." I'd extend that to all generations.

Saya Hillman '00
Chicago, Illinois

THE LEGACY

Re "Remembering Fr. Monan—Life, Legacy, and Spirit," by Ben Birnbaum, James M. O'Toole, and Joseph M. O'Keefe, SJ (Spring 2017): Fr. Monan became my spiritual and academic anchor at Boston College when he allowed me to become his friend, welcoming phone calls and visits to his office. He encouraged our work at the Center on Wealth and Philanthropy, counseled me on my fear of death, and helped me discern my decisions to retire and to close the Center.

Fr. Monan didn't tell Boston College's

diverse souls how they should relate to God. He felt, it seemed, that the search for truth put all of us in the search for ultimate reality. He wanted us to "go where God is," as Ignatius put it, and to find the depth of reality in our own manner.

Fr. Monan taught his incisive understanding of the University's vocation: The mission of the University as "the discovery, communication, and application of knowledge." This, Fr. Monan also set down for himself. It animated his administrative decisions, the culture he created, his valuation of faculty and students, and his vocation as a son of Ignatius serving as Fr. J. Donald Monan, SJ, beloved President and Chancellor.

*Paul Schervish
Wellesley, Massachusetts*

The writer is a professor emeritus of sociology and the former director of the University's Center on Wealth and Philanthropy.

In the Spring 2017 issue, the pieces by Alexandra Rae Hunt '17 ("The Year of Living Politically") and Zachary Jason ("Becoming") show us the heart and soul of our wonderful school.

More important than the buildings and the national rankings of Boston College, they show us the essential legacy of Fr. Monan's tenure.

*Hugh L. Guilderson '63, Ph.D. '94
Wellesley, Massachusetts*

SCORE

Re "Stick Around," by Thomas Cooper (Summer 2017): Compliments to photographer John Quackenbos for the shot accompanying your report on the women's lacrosse team. It is one of the best sports shots I have seen of any Boston College team.

*Jack Lambert '67
Sunset Beach, North Carolina*

The writer was photo editor for the 1965 and 1966 editions of Sub Turri.

LIFE LINES

Now in my 90th year, the grand summer issue of *Boston College Magazine* in my lap, I find myself enfolded in Boston College memories, particularly of faculty there when I entered in 1952 after returning

from Korea. These included Weston Jenks, who founded the Writers Workshop, and professor John Norton (freshman English), who, after class a month or so into the first term, said he'd like to see me in his office in Lyons Hall. When I sat across from his desk, he flipped an open book in front of me and said, "Have you ever read that poem?" It was John Nims's "Shot Down at Night." My life did a 180 degree turn. I thought I had been writing poetry.

That scene in Norton's office has chased me to this day, love and energy for the good word propelling me.

*Tom Sheehan '56
Saugus, Massachusetts*

WOMAN OF SUBSTANCE

I was delighted to read James Parker's piece on Dorothy Day ("About Sainthood," Summer 2017), but disappointed there was no mention of her speaking at the 1974 Newton College Commencement. At the time, Newton had its one and only lay, male president, James Whalen. He had prepared a speech about Ms. Day. But she was, as you might imagine, a force of nature (he sent her a plane ticket to fly from New York to Boston; she cashed it in and took the bus), and we could tell that President Whalen was making the calculation about whether or not she would publicly blow him off. If I'm remembering correctly, he left the honorary degree speech on a chair.

Dorothy Day spent the first few moments of her talk congratulating the parents on the accomplishments of their amazing daughters—but then got to her message: "Now it's time for you to educate someone else's children."

*Marion Flynn NC74
Evanston, Illinois*



Dorothy Day and President Whalen, 1974.

On December, 11, 1963, Dorothy Day spoke (on "Ethics and Peace") at Newton College and attended Mass at the Newton chapel. This was more than 50 years ago, but I have never forgotten her inspiring words and presence.

*Terry Ancona NC'66
Getxo, Bizkaia, Spain*

HANDS-ON HISTORY

Re "The People's Stuff," by Michael Blanding (Summer 2017): Professor Fleming's course "History Down the Toilet" is the latest in the "Making History Public" series, which enables students to delve into a range of primary sources to better understand complex historical issues, and then to share their work with the University community. In the spring of 2016, students in my "Propaganda and the Great War" course explored how the British, German, Russian, Australian, American, French, and Italian governments exploited a growing popular culture when recruiting for World War I. Examining memoirs, diaries, letters, and photographs in the Burns Library archives, they gained an appreciation of how the conflict changed the lives of members of the Boston College community who experienced the "war to end all wars."

*Robert J. Savage
Boston College*

The writer is a professor of the practice of history.

LAW REVIEW

Re "Courtside," by Zachary Jason (Summer 2017): When the author writes that, under common law, judicial decisions "provide precedence and sources of law," the accurate term to use is *precedent*, i.e., judicial decisions may be precedents that serve as sources of law.

*E. Joan Blum
Boston College Law School*

The writer is an associate professor of legal reasoning, research, and writing.

BCM welcomes letters from readers.

Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and must be signed to be published. Our fax number is (617) 552-2441; our email address is bcm@bc.edu.

Linden Lane

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CAMPUS DIGEST

Prior to the start of classes, 34 incoming students, led by upperclassmen, took to the woods and waters of Vermont and New Hampshire for backpacking, kayaking, canoeing, and paddle boarding, as part of a three-year-old Campus Recreation program called **Wild Eagles**. ✂ The

Winston Center for Leadership and Ethics celebrated its 10th anniversary with a Clough Colloquium lecture by historian **David McCullough**, H'08, who championed teachers, the liberal arts curriculum, and books ("There still are more public libraries than Starbucks," he noted). ✂

With 510 of 778 eligible individuals casting ballots, University **graduate students** voted 270–224 to unionize under the United Auto Workers. ✂ Supported by a \$2 million National Science Foundation grant, a **Lynch School** of Education initiative will teach some 840 middle and high school students from Boston, Springfield, and Waltham how to grow a range of vegetables hydroponically and then market their produce at local farmers' markets.

✂ **BusWays**, an app created by Carroll School of Management sophomores Pedro de Almeida and Fernando Nazario, was one of three Boston College-based innovations featured at the ACC Smithsonian Creativity and Innovation Festival in Washington, D.C. The **app** alerts parents when their child gets on or off a school bus and provides live data to school systems about the performance of their buses.

✂ The *Heights* announced that, due to a drop in advertising revenue, it would return to a once-a-week (Monday) **print schedule**, after 12 years as a biweekly.

✂ Monan Professor of Theology Lisa Sowle Cahill was the 2017 recipient of Villanova University's **Civitas Dei Medal**, given for her contributions to the Catholic intellectual tradition. And theology professor Mary Ann Hinsdale, IHM, received Mount St. Joseph University's St. Elizabeth Seton Medal, honoring distinguished women in theology. ✂ According to a recent episode of *Jeopardy!* (category: ACC), "**What is Boston College?**" was the correct reply to the statement, "This school was New England's first Roman Catholic one for higher education." Not quite. Boston College was founded in 1863; Holy Cross in 1843. And six hundred dollars was mistakenly awarded to a State Department contractor from Washington, D.C. ✂ Angela Ards joined the faculty as associate professor of English after a decade at Southern Methodist University. A former **editor and writer** at the *Village Voice* and the *Nation*, she will help create an interdisciplinary minor in journalism. ✂ More than 1,100 students, including teams from softball, fencing, Irish dance, and eight residence halls, took part in the 13th Welles Remy Crowther **Red Bandanna 5K**. The run starts on Linden Lane and honors a member of the Class of 1999 who died while rescuing people on 9/11. ✂ Lev Golinkin '03, author of *A Backpack, a Bear, and Eight Crates of Vodka*, an account of his family's immigration from the Soviet Union, addressed First-Year **Academic Convocation**. ✂ Theresa Betancourt, an authority on the effects of war on children, was named the **inaugural Salem**



UNITED—On Friday, October 13, two “Black Lives Matter” signs in Roncalli Hall, a sophomore residence, were defaced with the words *don’t* or *do not*. In response, some 2,000 students, faculty, and staff marched the next Friday from McElroy Commons to Corcoran plaza via Commonwealth Avenue in a show of community. As organized by the Undergraduate Government of Boston College (UGBC) and by FACES, a student group that facilitates racial dialogue, 31 mostly-student speakers addressed the crowd at Corcoran, including UGBC president Akosua Achampong ’18, who called for cultural sensitivity training for incoming students (“comparable to alcohol education”), more faculty of color, and expanding the African and African diaspora studies program to a full major. Dean of students Thomas Mogan also spoke (“we will hold those students accountable”). Faculty were encouraged to attend (“proclaim our values”) in an email by Provost David Quigley. The view above is of Stokes Lawn, with marchers en route to Comm. Ave.

Professor in Global Practice at the School of Social Work. She was previously at Harvard’s Chan School of Public Health. ✂ *Fortune* magazine’s 2017 ranking of the 50 “**Most Powerful Women in Business**” included Karen S. Lynch ’84, president of Aetna, and Denise M. Morrison ’75, president and CEO of Campbell Soup. ✂ Assistant professor of physics Ilija Zeljkovic was awarded three **early-career grants**—from the National Science Foundation, the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, and the Army Research Office—amounting to approximately \$1.5 million to support his work on the engineering of superconductors and topological insulators. ✂ Facilities staff planted some **24,000 tulips**, daffodils, and snowdrops across campus during the fall. To form the two horticultural BC logos

on campus, adjacent to Ignacio Hall and McGuinn Hall, required approximately 1,500 tulips (about the same as the number of begonias or marigolds planted to render the letters in summer). ✂ The University awarded the Class of 2021 a record **\$37 million** in needs-based financial aid. ✂ Peter Markell ’77 was named chair of the **Board of Trustees**. He is executive vice president of administration and finance, and CFO and treasurer of Partners Health-Care System. The board also named five new Trustees: D. Scott Brown ’79, retired president, CEO and vice chairman of Sage Products LLC; William C. Connell ’94, co-founder and partner of High Road Capital Partners; Douglas W. Marcouiller, SJ, M.Div. ’86, general counselor to the Jesuits and the Superior Society’s assistant for North America; Denise M. Morrison ’75,

president and CEO of Campbell Soup; and Robert F. Morrissey ’95, JD’02, a partner with the Boston-based law firm Morrissey, Hawkins & Lynch. ✂ **Susan Gennaro**, dean of the Connell School of Nursing, was awarded a \$3.3 million grant from the National Institutes of Health/National Institute for Minority Health and Health Disparities to study the effectiveness of a prenatal care intervention for minority women experiencing emotional distress. ✂ Ingu Hwang is the first visiting assistant professor of international studies supported by a five-year, \$2 million grant from the Seoul-based Korea Foundation. In 2016–17, Boston College enrolled 180 undergraduate and graduate students from **South Korea**, the second-largest cohort of overseas students after the Chinese.

—Thomas Cooper



FROM LEFT: Law School professors Farbman and Kaveny, dean Rougeau, and professor Perju.

What next?

By Michael Blanding

A Law School forum cross-examines the face-off in Charlottesville

In 1927, Natchitoches, Louisiana, erected a statue ostensibly to commemorate the town's happy race relations. It depicted an elderly black man, bent and tipping his hat, with an inscription reading, *In grateful recognition of the arduous and faithful services of the good darkies of Louisiana.*

"Every African-American person in that town had to walk past the statue to do their shopping," said Boston College Law School Dean Vincent Rougeau, whose mother grew up in Natchitoches. "They never said anything." Finally, in 1968, with the civil rights movement in full voice, it

was found in a nearby river. "Someone said something, and did something, and something had to change."

Rougeau made his remarks at "After Charlottesville," a forum on October 4 at the Law School wrestling with what the Boston College community should say and do in the wake of the white supremacist gathering this past August in that Virginia town to protest the removal of a statue of Robert E. Lee; the event turned violent and left one anti-racism protester dead. In addition to Rougeau, the speakers were Libby Professor of Law and Theology

Cathleen Kaveny, assistant professor of law Daniel Farbman, and moderator Vlad Perju, director of the University's Clough Center for the Study of Constitutional Democracy, which sponsored the forum.

"We thought it imperative that we should come together as a community of purpose, of values, and of mutual trust to do what we can do—what we have the privilege and responsibility of doing—in a space such as ours," said Perju, speaking to a racially mixed crowd of about 100 students and faculty. As the presentations of the panelists made clear, however, there are no easy answers when it comes to protest and the law.

Rougeau began the event speaking about the need for Boston College Law to not only create the best lawyers it can, but also the "kind of citizens that will sustain our democracy over the long term," as he put it. "We need to make sure we create the kind of community that we hope our

entire nation could be." He added, the violence in Charlottesville is only a symptom of a larger crisis in our democracy that has been growing in recent months. "We are now engaging in a public conversation that has no rules," he said. "Are neo-Nazis marching in the streets of a college town in the United States just expressing another opinion in the marketplace of ideas, or do they represent something that is so anathema to our democratic values and toxic to our common life that it requires a special kind of response?"

In fact, he argued, "public monuments for the Confederacy sanitized what the South was seeking to achieve had it been victorious," a violation of human dignity. They "send a false message that the majority of the citizens in the cities in which many of these statues have stood acquiesce to their presence."

Professor Kaveny, whose work focuses on the intersection of religion, morality, and the law, took up that theme, looking at what religious traditions contribute to the debate around such statues. Over the centuries, she said, Judeo-Christian religions have made a distinction between idols and icons. Idols, which represent false gods, or reduce the One True God down to mere parts, tend to lead to worship of self. Icons, by contrast, are venerated as a means for communion with the divine. "They draw people out of themselves into a deeper truth . . . toward a love of God and service of neighbor." The Lincoln Memorial might be seen as an icon, transforming the 16th president into a symbol of reunion and redemption.

A statue like that of Robert E. Lee in Charlottesville functions more like an idol, she said, papering over Lee's reputation as a cruel slave master to create a romanticized vision of southern chivalry. In fact, said Kaveny, many Confederate statues were made in the early half of the 20th century. "Do the statues promote goodness?" she asked. "No, they were designed to perpetuate Jim Crow."

Daniel Farberman, who joined Boston College Law in 2017, studies the legal history of protest, including "the practice of cause lawyering." While we might wish for a time of more civil political discourse, he said, history often shows that it's at times of highest discord that

positive change occurs: The Civil War, for instance, opened the door to abolition and Reconstruction, and "millions of people, who were previously excluded from our civic discourse, were included."

One might tell similar stories about the Vietnam War protests and the civil rights movement, he continued. "Those moments when we can no longer agree on what our America is have led to ruptures which have been productive of an America that we would look at and identify as more inclusive." People are right to be alarmed when white supremacists march with tiki torches in Charlottesville, but that discomfort may ultimately lead to progress. One might say the same for the NFL protests in which players kneel during the national anthem to protest police brutality, or, looking further back, about the Black Panthers, whom some research has shown were instrumental in spurring change. Change doesn't happen on its own, he said. And engagement isn't always "about fi ding civility; it's about fi ding justice."

Much of the discussion that followed in the Q&A was about civility and tolerance, and how much freedom of speech and incivility a society can tolerate on the road to creating more inclusiveness. One commenter took the cue from Farberman's talk to raise some uncomfortable questions about Boston College itself. "I really appreciate being part of a community with

such thoughtful people thinking about this topic," said Sharon Beckman, associate clinical professor and faculty director of the Boston College Innocence Program. At the same time, she said, she couldn't help noticing "we're sitting in a room with all white male portraiture" at a school that is anything but. Her comments were quickly seconded by an African-American student who mentioned that the portraits on the wall featured former professors, not Robert E. Lee. But "one idol we have to come to grips with is the idol of whiteness," he said. "This is an idol we are constantly confronted with—a very specific agreement . . . that this is what is normal or natural or even right."

Bringing the conversation full circle, Dean Rougeau pointed out that many of the portraits on the walls were of Irish-Americans who themselves were once viewed as trailblazers in founding the law school at Boston College as a response to discrimination they faced from Boston's Brahmin establishment. Still, he said, times have changed—and even if those portraits aren't taken down, perhaps others could be added. "It's well past time for our hallways to reflect the community we are today, but how do we set that in motion in a way that is healthy and empowering for our community?" ■

Michael Blanding is a Boston area writer.



Charlottesville, August 11, as white nationalists paraded on the University of Virginia campus.



Outside Cushing-Harvey on Newton Campus.

BEING THERE

August 23, 10:30 A.M.

By Ben Birnbaum

The freshmen move in

"Being There" is a new column that will appear regularly in the magazine, principally authored by editor Ben Birnbaum.

It was designed as an all-day event, with 7:00–noon reserved for students from New England and New York State; but at 10:30, when I showed up, plates from Maryland, Georgia, Illinois, New Jersey, and other exotic settings were in ample evidence in the parking lots and on the lawns

beside the residence halls. A young Boston College police officer as soft-spoken as a sophomore theology major shrugged his shoulders when I asked, "People are anxious," he said.

Just outside Keyes North, a short, dark-haired Connell School entrant and her short, dark-haired mother were standing on the grass chatting in the late August heat. They were waiting for Dad to return from a hotel search (ultimately successful) for a missing box of stationery items

and makeup. But they had already moved in. Inside the building, tension was visible on the faces of parents and students waiting in front of the ground-floor elevator door with cardboard cartons, backpacks, suitcases, musical instrument cases, and bulging plastic bags from Bed Bath & Beyond. Down the hall, others similarly encumbered, including gold-shirted student volunteers from the "BC Welcome Wagon" team, were taking the stairs, a line of sherpas slowly making their way upward. "Is there a lot left?" a tall and slim young man said as he approached his father at the base. Dad, who was clutching a carton to his chest, unset his jaw, said, "No, but I don't want to wait for the elevator anymore," and reset his jaw. And his son quietly backed away, which is what wise sons will do at such moments.

Hallway traffic made it hard to read a glassed-in display that introduced the local RAs by photo, hometown, email address,

cell numbers, favorite sports team, and a calendar of their respective shifts ("Whose booty is on duty," the list was titled), so I set off for a lounge in which hung a hand-made sign that seemed to utilize every color of the Hi-Liter spectrum: "CLASS OF 2021 WELCOME TO KEYES." Three upper-class students sat at a folding table facing the door, taking questions from a succession of freshmen.

How do you get into your room after hours? seemed to be a frequent one. The answer: You hold your phone up to the lock until the light blinks yellow, then you punch in your pin. (Further directions followed for when you happen not to have your phone.) One student consultant seemed to be a specialist in extracurricular life and nutrition. "Tons of programs and tons and tons of food," I heard her say reassuringly a number of times. A wide-shouldered freshman wearing an "Ignatius Wildcats" T-shirt prompted a warm greeting and some tender reminiscing about Wildcat football.

In chairs against one wall sat three Boston College employees wearing polo shirts that identified them as IT staff. They were there to be consulted, but no freshman came near or so much as glanced at them during my 20 minutes in the room. They were unfazed. "This generation has been involved in technology since they were toddlers," one said—with some pride, I thought.

Leaving Keyes, I headed to a canopy on the lawn in front of the Law School library, beside the bronze statue of the martyr Thomas More. For the Division of Student Affairs, which runs the residence halls, move-in days are all-hands-on-deck, and I was pleased to accept a bottle of water and a cellophane-sealed chocolate chip cookie from no less than the associate vice president for career services. Another associate vice president was handing out campus maps and overseeing a pile of brochures promoting student rates on season tickets. She was approached by a slim blonde woman trailing her slim blond son. "Where's the bus stop that takes students to the main campus?" she asked. Several of us pointed across the lawn, to a bus shelter beside the main entrance from Centre Street. Assessing the geography, the woman told

her son, "You can wait in the lobby if it's raining, and then run across when you see the bus." The associate vice president assured the woman that (a) the bus waits for some minutes at the stop to give students a chance to walk over from the residence halls and (b) students can sit dry in their rooms and follow the bus's progress via a smartphone app. The woman seemed much relieved.

A quick walk through Hardey House took me past a man on his knees assembling a large bookcase with a small Phillips screwdriver, and then an amiable discussion among a half-dozen parents and their three sons occupying a triple regarding

which of three miniature refrigerators should return home. In front of the building, a man surrounded by a group of students was pointing to the north, declaring, "I was right there on the hill, in Duchesne. Suzanne was on Upper," while a grandfatherly type was standing alone next to a stack of cartons. "Keeping watch?" I asked. He nodded and gravely looked me up and down. I moved on, past a beech tree whose gray elephantine bark was inscribed with initials so faded they could not be made out and caught up to a man and a woman walking slowly, in silence. "Well," I heard him say as I slipped by, "there'll be plenty of room in the car." ■

New assignments

Casey Beaumier, SJ, STL'05, Ph.D.'13, director of the University's Institute for Advanced Jesuit Studies, has been named vice president and University secretary. His responsibilities will include maintaining official University records and acting as a liaison to the Board of Trustees Committee on Nominations and Governance. Beaumier holds a bachelor's degree in journalism from Marquette University and master's degrees in philosophy and American studies from Saint Louis University. He earned his master's of divinity degree and licentiate of sacred theology from the Weston Jesuit School of Theology, and a doctorate in U.S. history from Boston College. He is also the director of Loyola House, which opened in fall 2016 as a residence for Boston College students contemplating a Jesuit vocation. Fr. Beaumier succeeds Terrence Devino, SJ, who will serve the Society of Jesus as a retreat director at its Eastern Point Retreat House in Gloucester, Massachusetts.

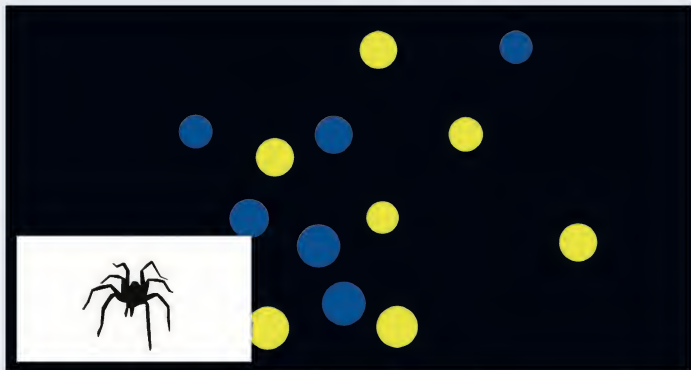
Joy Haywood Moore '81, H'10, associate vice president for alumni relations, will oversee the planning and direction of University Commencement. A graduate of the Lynch School of Education, Moore joined the Advancement Office in 2011 as director of stewardship and donor relations. Prior to that she spent four years at the Oprah Winfrey Leadership Academy for Girls in South Africa, as interim and deputy head; and she held a variety of leadership positions at the Archer School for Girls in Los Angeles. The 2018 Commencement will take place on Monday, May 21.



Casey Beaumier, SJ, STL'05, Ph.D.'13



Joy Haywood Moore '81, H'10



More blue or more yellow dots? You have half a second to answer.

CLOSE-UP: FEAR ITSELF

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY Sara Cordes has long been fascinated with how we humans are able to gauge quantities without actually counting (e.g., Is there enough food in the refrigerator? Which grocery check-out line will be quickest?). Her research in recent years has explored the role emotion can play in such numerical processing.

In a series of experiments detailed in the June 2017 issue of *Acta Psychologica*, Cordes, working with Laura Niemi, Ph.D.'15 (now a postdoctoral fellow at Duke University), and graduate student Karina Hamamouche, tested the effects of fear. In one experiment, the team showed volunteers a single image, either an array of spiders or an array of flowers, for half a second, then asked them to estimate the number of flowers or spiders they saw. The researchers found participants were apt to lowball what disturbed them—the spiders—but not the flowers. "People tend to underestimate numbers in the context of [threatening] stimuli," says Cordes. She suspected this was because danger holds one's attention; perhaps the

subjects fixated on individual spiders and as a result were "unable to visually scan the entire array," the team suggested in their paper.

But there was another explanation to consider, the researchers noted, and so they tested it: What if the underestimates were an attempt by participants "to downplay the magnitude of the threat and the [accompanying] discomfort"? This time the team flashed two images at a time, side by side—either two arrays of spiders or two arrays of flowers—and asked volunteers to gauge "which side had more," left or right. The participants, they found, responded with significantly less accuracy when the two images were of spiders. The result supported the initial explanation that fear had interfered with numerical processing by means of "attentional capture."

If a threatening sight heightens attentiveness, could the timing of it improve numeric processing? That's what the team tested in their final experiment, which included the images above. Volunteers were flashed a picture of either a hulking spider or a neutral flower for half a sec-

ond, then were shown a two-color array of dots for half a second. Those exposed to the spider did better at determining whether there were more blue dots or yellow ones. The researchers' conclusion: When a threatening image is used to prime test-takers but is not part of the task (the volunteers weren't counting spiders) numerical processing abilities are enhanced.

These three experiments, the authors write, "represent basic research." Investigations by other research psychologists, dating back to at least 2007, have shown how individuals who view threatening stimuli are apt to exaggerate the time of their exposure. The contrasting tendencies—to elongate time and lowball quantity during threat-associated tasks—suggest that "distinct systems" in the brain, as opposed to "shared structures," are responsible for processing the two kinds of information, a view that has been gaining support in the discipline.

—Megan Scudellari

Megan Scudellari '06 is a science journalist based in Boston.

Course check

By Thomas Cooper

The University's new 10-year strategic plan

At University Convocation in Robsham Theater on August 30, President William P. Leahy, SJ, introduced a 10-year strategic plan for Boston College. The result of two years of campus-wide self-evaluation (involving faculty, staff, students, Trustees, and alumni), and titled *Ever to Excel: Advancing Boston College's Mission*, the plan sets out four strategic directions:

- "Re-envision liberal arts education at Boston College by sustained attention to the Core Curriculum, enhancing faculty quality and engagement, and leveraging the strengths of undergraduate programs in the Morrissey College of Arts and Sciences, Carroll School of Management, Connell School of Nursing, and Lynch School of Education.

- "Enhance the University's commitment to formation among students, faculty, and staff to further Boston College's mission and strengthen its institutional culture.

- "Expand support for scholarship and research in keeping with Boston College's mission to help address complex societal problems and contribute to the common good, with a particular focus on the sciences.

- "Increase the University's presence and impact in the City of Boston, the United States, and around the globe."

As noted in a preamble to the plan, these objectives reflect the University's ongoing dedication "to its intellectual and religious roots" and its ambition to be "the world's leading Jesuit, Catholic university."

The Core Curriculum, foundation of the Boston College liberal arts education, will be strengthened and expanded: through recruitment and retention of faculty dedicated to "teaching, research, and mentorship"; by a "dramatic reimagining" of established courses and the development of new ones; and with greater

interdisciplinary connections between the University's colleges and schools. Up to 100 endowed chairs will be created, as well as a postdoctoral fellow program within the Core to train future liberal arts educator-scholars. New minors will be established in the Carroll School of Management, Connell School of Nursing, and Lynch School of Education that will be open to students in the Morrissey College of Arts and Sciences, strengthening their readiness for post-graduate and professional opportunities.

By the same token, opportunities will grow for undergraduates in the professional schools "to engage more deeply in humanistic studies," and new programs will assist graduate and professional students in exploring personal as well

as career development. These will be designed collaboratively by University Mission and Ministry, Academic Affairs, and Student Affairs. Expanded programs for faculty and staff will encourage a deeper understanding of the University's distinctly Jesuit "mission and culture." And the University will strengthen its "culture of care and welcome for all, including [its] support for socioeconomic and racial diversity."

To bolster its capacity to contribute to the common good, Boston College will establish an Institute for Integrated Science and Society. With new classroom, laboratory, and innovation spaces, this institute will lead efforts "to strengthen teaching and research in the sciences, to expand cross-school collaborations, and to enhance Boston College's ability to address critical global problems in targeted areas such as energy, health, and the environment." Innovative interdisciplinary courses will be considered in mathematics, the natural sciences, computer and data science, business, and other areas combining elements of "technology, entrepreneurial approaches, and engineering."



Long view of Middle Campus.

The University will invest also in additional faculty and a revised curriculum for the undergraduate international studies major. And it will augment undergraduate and graduate opportunities for experiential learning and community-based research in a range of disciplines, through increased cultivation of partnerships with institutions and governments in the region and beyond.

While reaffirming Boston College's determination to offer an education to admitted undergraduates regardless of financial need, the plan calls for providing targeted financial aid for graduates of selected Jesuit secondary schools in the United States and abroad. The University will also work to increase the number of religious brothers and sisters, Catholic lay leaders, and priests studying at Boston College and participating in its commu-

nity. And it will develop "deeper partnerships" with Catholic elementary and secondary schools, locally and across the nation.

Ever to Excel builds on the success of the previous 10-year strategic plan and the \$1.6 billion *Light the World* campaign. "A commitment to rigorous and regular strategic planning has been instrumental in Boston College's ascendancy over the past half century," said provost and dean of faculties David Quigley at the plan's announcement. Quigley, who with executive vice president Michael Lochhead codirected the campus-wide assessment that preceded the new plan, added, *Ever to Excel* "positions the University well for the opportunities that the next decade presents."

The document may be read in full at bc.edu/strategicplan. ■

Jawaian). From the top of the chalkboard, Wang hung the club's banner: a central maroon crest with the club's name in white, superimposed on a grove of pale blue palm trees.

Thirty or so students spread out among the desks, and soon the room effervesced with talk and laughter and the smell of crispy soy-fried Spam. Club treasurer James Spizzirro '19, another New Yorker—Squishy, he's called—brought the group to order.

"We show you how to make musubi," he said, ticking off the agenda on his fingers. "We tell you a little bit about the history of Spam in Hawaii . . . and then we give you some food. And then you leave." He smiled. "It's a pretty good deal."

But first at the club's 12 executive board members, five of whom are from Hawaii, introduced themselves.

"At one point in my life," said publicity chair and Connecticut native Alex DeGeorge '20, "I knew more than 200 digits of pi. Today, Squishy knew more than me."

"I go by Ji," said Ji-Won Ha '21, who's from Honolulu, "and I play the trumpet."

SPAM, A CANNED, PRECOOKED MEAT product first marketed in 1937 by Hormel, "is not much different from what you find in a hot dog," Nystul told the group. It became popular in Hawaii during World War II, when it was brought in for soldiers stationed on the islands (cheap, easy to ship, never spoils). The military dispatched more than 150 million pounds to the Pacific theater. After the war, Hawaii's Japanese-Americans substituted "Uncle Spam" for the salted fish and pickled apricots traditionally featured atop onigiri, creating musubi, the now ubiquitous concoction sold in restaurants, groceries, and convenience stores.

Sophie Kim '19, the club's vice president, demonstrated how to make it.

"First step is always to wash your hands," she said as Purrell circulated. (Kim's fun fact: "I'm from Hawaii, and I was on the TV show *Lost*.") She fitted a slice of spam onto a bed of rice, wrapped them together with plastic, and formed a roughly four-by-two-inch rectangle. "Shape it into a nice shape," she said. "Show it some love."

Spam—a lot

By Christopher Amenta

The Hawaii Club on a roll

Room 415 in Fulton Hall contains tiers of long, curved tabletops that serve for desks, and a front wall of sliding chalkboards flanked by projector screens, but no stovetop. And so the leaders of the Hawaii Club of Boston College (HCBC) fried their Spam in a residence hall before carrying it in foil-ware to their meeting. They also brought two trays of steamed sticky rice and several bags of the edible seaweed nori.

Thirteen undergraduates at Boston College call Hawaii home. On a Wednesday night in October, for a gathering billed as "Spam Musubi 101," the HCBC brought food for 50.

About 125 students belong to the Hawaii Club, which is led by co-presidents Kevin Wang '19, a New Yorker, and Kara Nystul '18, of Honolulu. The club hosts 10 events a year, beginning with the evening

of Spam musubi, a Hawaiian twist on the Japanese dish onigiri (at its most basic, small mounds of white rice wrapped in nori), and concluding with a spring culture show, an open-air luau that routinely draws several hundred students.

On October 11, Wang arrived at Fulton early to prepare the lecture hall: He cleaned the blackboards, then wrote "Spam" in large chalk letters. Because it's not uncommon in Hawaii to see Spam musubi anthropomorphized on pillows, toys, jewelry, and in cartoons, he sketched two examples—with smiling faces and tongues protruding—holding hands. As other members arrived, including Nystul, they set out plastic-ware and paper plates. Using scissors, they cut sheets of green-black nori into two-to-three-inch-wide strips. Somebody put on reggae music (Hawaii has its own brand, called



FROM LEFT: Members Alex DeGeorge '20, Anna Leveroni '20, Cassie King '21, Angela Yasutomi '21, Ji Ha '21, Alexis Dias '21, and Kevin Wang '19, before dinner.

She removed the plastic and bound the rice and meat with a strip of seaweed, wetting the end of the strip with water while explaining, "It's like glue."

Students gathered and shaped their own musubi, most of which were large enough to be hefted with both hands, like a sandwich. Then they ate.

"It's weird," said Californian Avery Gu '20, who's never been to Hawaii. "You should really try it."

Marisa Acevedo '18, of Pittsburgh, is a longtime convert. "I probably come to this event every year because I love musubi," she said.

"I'm here for dinner," Joy Zou '19, who's from New York City, admitted. "But it's also nice to take a break from work. I'm, like, all over the place right now, so this is just..." She paused. "Nice down time."

Texas, Florida, and New Jersey were represented, by students who had been to

Hawaii or not, who came to learn and to eat and to spend time with friends.

As for the Hawaiians, Alexis Dias '21 of Kailua says she wouldn't have selected Boston College if not for HCBC. "Most universities have a Hawaii club. . . . I wanted to make sure there was one here before I came." "It's like a family away from home," Nystul said.

SOMEBODY SUGGESTED A MUSUBI eating contest, and the group negotiated the terms:

"Is three too many?"

"Three is way too many."

"One winner will get a Hawaii Club pocket tee. They're super cute."

"Since you guys are already eating, we'll do one musubi."

The group gathered on a tier—contestants seated, spectators standing—and then the race began with cheers: Chew! Swallow! Finish that rice!

Joseph Ponce, a senior from New Jersey, emerged the winner. His victory speech: "I feel gross." But a few minutes passed, and he returned for another roll.

By 9:00 p.m., most were through eating. There were tests to study for, papers to write. Members packaged the leftovers and urged them upon the others. "Give it to your friends," Nystul said. On the blackboard, Wang had listed the club's upcoming meetings, which include a liquid nitrogen ice cream social and lei-making.

"It's having fun with a group of people who you know will laugh with you," the New Yorker said of the club. "Being Hawaiian can be an ethnicity, but it's also a way life."

The room emptied, and Wang began to erase the chalkboard. Come morning, Fulton 415 would host "Computers in Management." ■

Christopher Amenta is a Boston area writer.

Assigned reading

COURSE: SLAV 2163/ENGL 2224

Post-Soviet Russian Literature

By Cynthia Simmons

COURSE DESCRIPTION

Since the fall of the Soviet Union in 1991, Russian writers no longer work under the overt “red pencil” of government censorship (though restrictions on free speech in the arts have been increasing and can result in self-censorship). Like their counterparts in the West, authors now face the pressures of the marketplace. Crime fiction and mysteries, for instance, ran counter to the mission of government publishing, which was to instruct readers in their responsibility to the collective in an ostensibly “crime-free” society. But a post-Soviet predilection for formerly illicit entertainment has fostered a thriving market for both genres. At least one phenomenon within literary fiction of the late 1980s continues in the post-Soviet era: Talented women have upended the age-old dominance of male authors. Two generations of women (coming of age before and after communism) now explore through literature the lives of individuals whose gender, age, ethnicity, or religion previously were under-represented. In this course, we read contemporary Russian literature for what it reveals about newly acquired tastes and abiding tensions between Soviet and post-Soviet values.

REQUIRED BOOKS

Sonechka (1992) by Lyudmila Ulitskaya;
Arch Tait, transl.

The life and work of Lyudmila Ulitskaya (b. 1943) bridge post-World War II Soviet Russia, the *glasnost* (openness) and *perestroika* (restructuring) of the 1980s, and the post-Soviet “new Russia” of capitalism and oligarchs. Ulitskaya was trained as a geneticist—science and math being the preferred paths for “builders of communism.” Her first book, *Sonechka*, was published when she was nearly 50.

Distinguished by an un-Soviet focus on individuals (rather than the collective), the novella at the heart of this collection recreates the private life of a somewhat ordinary person. *Sonechka*, whose family hails from a *shtetl* in Belorussia, found at an early age an enduring love for life—as well as an escape from it—in letting “her soul graze” the sweep of 19th-century Russian literature. It is her “rare talent, perhaps even [her] genius,” that characters from Tolstoy, Turgenyev, and Dostoyevsky are as real to her as the people she encounters, and that, through them, she is able to “wriggle out of . . . the shrill pathos”

of Stalinism. *Sonechka*’s kind demeanor attracts the artist Victor, a former prisoner of the Gulag. He cares nothing for her literature, and she abandons it, as he abandons his art, for a down-to-earth life. They nurture their daughter well, living in dank rooms, working odd jobs. The couple ages, the Soviet Union wanes. Victor finds a young muse who inspires him to paint. *Sonechka* grieves, but the old woman is buoyed again by the “literary trance in which her youth had passed.”



The Yellow Arrow (1993) by Victor Pelevin;
Andrew Bromfi ld, transl.

Among the Russian writers who embraced early the contemporary Western taste for cynical worldviews and narrative trickery, Victor Pelevin (b. 1962) is the most celebrated. His novella *The Yellow Arrow* offers a surreal allegory of Russian life in the nascent post-Soviet period. Passengers on the Yellow Arrow, the rickety train where the narrative unfolds, hear that they are speeding toward a collapsed bridge. In the train’s dining car, the protagonist Andrei’s thoughts run on a parallel track, as he ponders the fate of millions of “yellow arrows” of sunlight “hurtling through the infinite void of space . . . only to be extinguished in the revolting remains of yesterday’s soup.” While Andrei considers getting off (there are no stops), other passengers, “entrepreneurs” in the new era of emerging capitalism, scramble to profit, pilfering and selling off parts of the train. “We used to have thieves who stole things,” says Andrei’s bunk mate, “but this is a different business altogether. They’re selling off the Motherland.” *The Yellow Arrow* is a tragicomic meditation on life and the possibility of transcendence as well as a melancholy depiction of the often harrowing days of transition, post-1991, to the new Russia.

Sister Pelagia and the White Bulldog (2000) by Boris Akunin (Grigol Chkharthshvili); Andrew Bromfi ld transl.

Boris Akunin (b. 1956) rose to fame in post-Soviet Russia with two series of mysteries set in the late 19th and early 20th centuries of tsarist Russia. The fi st series features a classic private investigator (Erast Fandorin) with supreme powers of deduction. The heroine of the second series, located in the provincial town of Zavolzhs (‘‘beyond the Volga’’), is the Orthodox nun Sister Pelagia. Impetuous and sometimes bumbling, Pelagia seems unsuited to religious life, playing the ‘‘Watson’’ to Bishop Mitrofanii, who is often called on by the faithful or his family to solve mysteries. Yet it is humble Pelagia—youth, freckled, a teacher at the local girls’ school—who is the superior detective. The series is an entertaining anachronism, but Akunin’s themes refle t issues in contemporary Russia: the religious conservatism emanating from Moscow and the Orthodox Church, corruption at the highest levels of government, civic duty (e.g., the paying of taxes, evaded by many), communal responsibility, and sexism. Akunin downplays the political subtext of his highly entertaining whodunits, but he is an outspoken critic of President Vladimir Putin. He currently lives abroad.

Day of the Oprichnik (2006) by Vladimir Sorokin; Jamey Gambrell, transl.

Vladimir Sorokin (b. 1955) depicts Russia in the near future as medieval—a place where new wonders (ray guns, for instance) exist within a police state whose aggression and idioms hark back to the reign of Ivan the Terrible. Now, as in the 16th century, the rule of ‘‘His Majesty’’ (never named) is enforced by oprichniks, henchmen who rob, torture, and enthusiastically execute individuals marked as dis-

loyal, and who assert orthodox piety while succumbing to every temptation of the fl sh. The oprichnik narrator, Komiaga, awakens to the ringing of his ‘‘mobilov,’’ says his prayers, receives state-controlled information from a ‘‘news bubble,’’ refreshes himself in a hot tub, and sets off for a day of terrorizing enemies of the state in his Chinese-made ‘‘Mercedov,’’ to which his servants have attached symbols that once adorned the horses of the medieval oprichniks, a broom and a freshly severed dog’s head. Russian history, literature, chauvinism, the church—Sorokin addresses them all. Komiaga’s day calls to mind Alexander Solzhenitsyn’s *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* (1962). But Ivan’s sober communist values stand in opposition to the aberration of the Gulag’s labor camps, whereas Komiaga senses the perversion of the oprichniks only in dreams or a narcotic haze. This is often not a pleasant read, but it is an important one.

The Time of Women (2009) by Elena Chizhova; Simon Patterson with Nina Chordas, transl.

The Time of Women seemed an unlikely recipient, in 2009, of the prestigious Russian Booker Prize. Despite testing its readers with an ever-shifting array of narrators, the story appears simple—a troika of grandmothers undertakes to raise the mute Suzanna, daughter of a single-mother factory worker with whom they share a communal apartment in 1960s Leningrad. Chizhova (b. 1957) excels in conveying the particular heroism of Russia’s foremothers, their cunning resourcefulness and their steady endurance. The old women, who can recall pre-revolutionary Russia, do not agree about whether life has improved with ‘‘the Bolsheviks.’’ Glikeria, a descendent of serfs, remembers her mother’s observation about life under the previous masters: ‘‘Our baron was good, kind. And didn’t force [women into] marriage.’’ Yevdokia recalls having had a faucet way back when, and the water ‘‘didn’t smell of anything.’’ The third grandmother, Ariadna, recounts the death of her sons in World War II, during the siege of Leningrad (and the narrator, the grown girl, notes: ‘‘They nod, they listen, how many times has she recounted it, and still,



as if it were for the fi st time’). Yevdokia responds: ‘‘And still, there’s not enough fl ur.’’ The old women convey their unfettered views of history, and Suzanna carries their truth and wisdom into the post-Soviet period.

Secondhand Time: The Last of the Soviets (2013) by Svetlana Alexievich; Bela Shayevich, transl.

In 2015, Svetlana Alexievich (b. 1948) received the Nobel Prize in literature, a fi st for an author of nonfi tion. Although her genre is oral history, she considers herself a creative writer more than a journalist. As in earlier works on Soviet women in World War II, the Chernobyl nuclear disaster, and the Soviet war in Afghanistan, she weaves a compelling narrative from the testimonies of witnesses. The interviews in *Secondhand Time* took place during two decades of seismic societal shifts: 1991–2001 (which Alexievich calls the ‘‘apocalypse’’), and 2002–12, ‘‘the emptiness,’’ the era of Putin. Some interlocutors mourn the death of Soviet ideals: ‘‘With socialism, the people were participating in History,’’ says one in a multitude of unidentified voices. Others recall celebrating the country’s collapse: ‘‘Freedom!’’ However, ‘‘Capitalism isn’t taking root here,’’ says another. ‘‘Russians don’t want to just live, they want to live for something.’’ A voice reckons: ‘‘Half of Russia [is] pulling forward, while the other half [is] pulling back.’’ Alexievich herself laments the nostalgia for the Stalinist ‘‘iron hand’’ of the Great Empire, even as she disparages the new ‘‘freedom of Her Highness Consumption.’’

Cynthia Simmons is a professor emerita of Slavic studies. She taught the class ‘‘Post-Soviet Russian Literature’’ frequently over the last six years.



The illusionist

Chris Doyle '81 makes public art that is fantastical and gently provoking

BY TIM HEFFERNAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARY WAYNE GILBERT

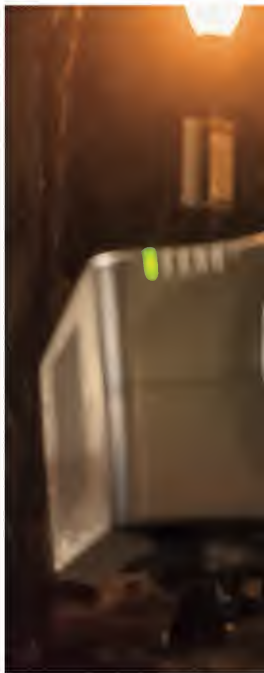
"I can tell you from experience that we should expect a series of crises tonight,"

said Chris Doyle '81 wryly, plopping down his duffel bag on a late-summer morning to wait for a cab. He had just arrived at the airport in Portland, Oregon, after a string of overnight flights originating at the airport in Portland, Maine. In 36 hours, his new artwork, *Presto!*, would debut at Converge 45, a burgeoning arts festival he helped found. It's a piece of digital animation, and Doyle's plan is to project it from a van onto walls around the city—an approach he has never tried.

"Tonight" means a public rehearsal and troubleshooting session, using unfamiliar equipment on unfamiliar streets. Doyle has spent months corresponding with Cris Moss,

a local artist and University of Oregon (Portland) curator, about set-up and planning. But plenty of practical questions remain: What kind of lens does the rented projector have; will the rented minivan's engine generate enough DC current to power the projection? Also, all the local art students who'd promised to assist have dropped out. Would I, he asked, be willing to lend a hand if needed?

Chris Doyle has been an artist for more than 30 years. His work ranges widely, from drawings to video to large-scale public works that mix sculpture and landscaping, and he has exhibited from New York to Stockholm to Melbourne and all across the United States. He is perhaps best known for intricate hand-drawn digital animations, of which *Presto!* is an example. Often presented on a huge scale in public places—in





July 2014 his *Bright Canyon* nightly commandeered more than 50 of the giant LCD screens in and around New York City's Times Square—they turn the traditional idea of the gallery inside out, bringing the art to the audience instead of the other way around. Doyle says his recent animations, particularly, were born out of a desire to return to traditional, manual artistry. His earliest pieces, made in the 1980s, were complex digital-video creations; next came stop-motion film, tediously pieced together from hundreds of individual photographs. Hand-drawn animation, which he began practicing about a decade ago, "was a move away from gear, from gadgets—from pro-

Facing across SW Park Avenue, Doyle operates a borrowed projector during the test of *Prestol* in Portland, Oregon, on August 8.

duction, from cameras and lights and all of that stuff—to craft. I became much more hand-driven."

In person, Doyle is a friendly study in contrasts. Trim at age 58, he treads city streets with the focused alertness of a hunter. (Or maybe that's just how New Yorkers move.) During interviews, he is more like a kindly professor, pausing and deliberating after each question, then calmly delivering precise, thoughtful answers. Yet a dry humor—aimed at himself more often than at others—is ever present. When I noted that we both always seemed to be wearing navy-blue shirts and dark jeans—more regimented and ordinary than creative professionals are supposed to be—he replied, "I'd say we're somewhat uniform-driven in order to remove decisions. Is that a correct assessment?"



Doyle had been asked to contribute to Converge 45 (the name refers to the 45th parallel, on which Portland sits) by his longtime friend Kristy Edmunds. Now executive and artistic director of UCLA's Center for the Art of Performance, Edmunds began her career in Portland, helping establish its Institute for Contemporary Art. The show's theme, he said, "has to do with her sense of generosity—it's called *You in Mind*."

After leaving off our bags at his hotel in Portland's Chinatown—like the rest of the city, a mix of old-timers, new money, and artists—Doyle and I hit the streets to shake the travel out of our legs and get the lay of the land. To the west, a steep bluff rose into view: It was

LEFT: Trying out *Presto!* on the wall of the Pacific Northwest College of Art, August 8. RIGHT: The Portland Art Museum on opening night, August 9. Tossed, the fish will morph into a missile, among other things.

tree-lined and, based on the roofs peeking through the leaves, residential. Clearly it was not the place to project videos "guerrilla-style," as Doyle described his plan. But he liked its presence for a practical reason: *Presto!*, like any video projection, works only in darkness, and the bluff would probably cast

a long early shadow on the city, countering the late-setting August sun.

To the east lay the Willamette River. In formerly industrial cities like Portland, Doyle noted, that normally would mean a district of warehouses—movie screens made of



brick, essentially—but in the 1970s Portland had torn down most of its warehouses to make way for a soaring interstate overpass. The buttresses created a barren district devoid of human life—no place for *Presto!* either.

But Chinatown proved fertile ground. A wave of demolition and new construction had peppered it with empty lots lined with the blank walls of adjacent buildings. Passing a property whose walls had been prettified with a coat of white paint, Doyle smiled: “That ticks a lot of boxes,” he said. *Presto!* had found its fit st home.

In the car from the airport, and in conversations and visits we’d had in New York over the previous months, Doyle described *Presto!*—its intellectual origins, its practical manufacture. Practically speaking, it’s a sequence of

four animations, rendered on computers by Doyle and an assistant using a technique called rotoscoping. One of the oldest forms of animation, it’s done by tracing real-life footage frame-by-frame and then altering and augmenting the tracings according to the artist’s inspiration.

In *Presto!*, a pair of disembodied hands performs a series of impossible magic tricks: spinning coins in midair like orbiting planets, tossing objects that meld and morph as they pass from palm to palm, turning two folded dollar bills into one. The coins and objects spring from Doyle’s imagination, and the hands, though they’re traced, are now inhuman: Doyle has painted them in neon colors and overlaid them with shifting graphic patterns. They’re fantasies, maybe nightmares.

But the hands are also essentially real, and instinctively recognizable. The raised index finger that recalls saintly icons, the shrugged palms that suggest wordless truth: They are Donald Trump's hands—the most famous, most photographed, and most contentious hands on earth. Doyle doesn't identify them in his press materials for *Presto!*, and he let me make the connection before he said anything, but once I did he told me that, before *Presto!* even had a title, he "was thinking about sleight-of-hand and street magic, and how there's this great connection between being a street magician mastering the art of deception and distraction—and the Administration."

Chris Doyle came to Boston College from northeastern Pennsylvania, where his family settled after several years of annual uprootings. (His father sold heavy construction equipment and requested frequent transfers as a way of moving up the ladder. "By the time I was seven years old, I'd lived in seven houses," Doyle recalled.) His mother

raised Doyle and his siblings—four boys and a girl, Doyle the second-born. Their home was "on the edge of suburbia, where the suburban meets the rural," and Boston College, where the suburbs meet the city, struck him as a good place to begin exploring urban life.

He graduated in 1981 with a degree in fine arts, after initially planning to study biology, "primarily because I thought that you should go to college to learn something you didn't know that well." But he'd always been artistic, and courses in watercolor and printmaking his sophomore year set him back on his natural path. He went on to earn a master's in architecture at Harvard University—a practical more than a passionate effort, he says. By the mid-1980s, supported by work-for-hire jobs in architectural firms, he was pursuing the life of an independent professional artist. Backed in due course by major galleries and collectors, regularly commissioned publicly and privately, and selected as a Guggenheim fellow in 2014, he is now on the high slopes of his field.

For much of the last 10 years, Doyle has been immersed



in a series of five complex works that center on digital animations; they are perhaps his signature work. He was inspired by *The Course of Empire*, a set of five paintings by the American artist Thomas Cole, completed in 1836, during the Age of Jackson. Cole's *Empire* depicts a cycle: Wild nature is transformed by man first into beautiful farmland, then into a shining city, which soon falls into war and finally into abandoned ruins. It reflected Cole's, and the country's, hopes and fears for the nation, which even then was clearly on its way to becoming a global power.

Doyle found himself full of similar hopes and fears near the end of the first decade of the 2000s. The market had crashed, people were losing their homes, the military was bogged down in Iraq and Afghanistan. "There was a real end-of-empire feeling," he said, "so I started to look to landscape more directly than I ever had before."

Beginning with *Waste Generation* (2010), and continuing through *Idyllwild* (2012), *Bright Canyon*, and *The Fluid* (2014), Doyle explored many of the same themes Cole

had nearly two centuries before. The final piece, *Swell*, debuted this fall, part of a one-man show at the Catharine Clark Gallery in San Francisco; filled with scenes of industry and construction, it echoes Cole's central panel, *The Consummation of Empire*, in which the city is in its Golden Age. But these are not 19th-century paintings, static and plainly allegorical. They are densely layered—visually and in terms of meaning. They have soundtracks, often commissioned from one of Doyle's composer friends. And, of course, they move.

For these works, Doyle animated by hand, using an electronic pen and notepad that transform his fingers' movements into digital files. He then overlaid his drawings with shifting patterns and colors. In *Bright Canyon*, for example, a bird's feathers change to match the colors of the berries it eats. In other scenes, water, a common element in the series, drips and gushes and seems

Doyle's multi-screen
Bright Canyon debuted
July 1, 2014, as part of
the Midnight Moment
series in Times Square.



IMAGE: Lovis Dungle / Henrik for OOTS | Arts

to burst out of the frame. Plants, another common element, sprout from the soil, extend tendrils, drop leaves. Each movement in every frame represents a separate drawing; each five-to-eight-minute film contains thousands of them. Doyle jokes that he's a hopeless maximalist. "There's never enough. Even when I think there's enough, I'll go back in and put another layer on top."

But Doyle is not only a digital artist. He is an extraordinarily gifted painter, as I discovered when we met in his studio last May. Gazing on an 18-foot-wide triptych, *The Larger Illusion*, which hangs above his work table, I asked whether it was a print of something he'd created on a computer: It appears composed of thousands of small, perfect facets of color, the way digital movie monsters are.

"No, that's a watercolor," he said.

On the tape, I let out a whispered "Wow."

Most of us know watercolor as the medium of kindergartners; if we even recognize it to be one of the fine arts, we largely relegate it to the back rooms—as the work of provincialists, nostalgic and simple and small.

In fact watercolor is the most unforgiving paint. Oil and acrylic can be scraped off, painted over, revised, whited-out; correction is part of the process. Watercolor permits few mistakes. It seeps into the paper permanently. It can never be fully erased or painted over. Especially, it can't be whited-out. Yet white spaces are often the heart of a painting: the gleam of an eye, the glint of a wave. In a finished watercolor, every white spot is a patch of bare paper—and that means the whole image had to have been planned to the last inch.

That's not easy to do in a painting the size of a manila envelope (as many watercolors are) or copied from real life (as many watercolors also are). *The Larger Illusion* is a photorealistic triptych of an imaginary forest composed of four-by-six-foot panels. I wondered how Doyle pulled it off.

"That's weirdly a skill I picked up from Boston College, way back," he said. After taking that first watercolor class his sophomore year, he developed his abilities under the mentorship, especially, of professors Michael Mulhern and Toni Dove, he recalls. "I worked really large in watercolor on paper, and then I went to architecture school and people found out, so they were like, 'Let's employ you to do that.'"

"There are always years when you have to figure out how to make a living while you're setting up what you want to do," he said. "I'd get hired, especially at the end, by people who were in super-high-end retail: 'We're opening a Chanel store on the Champs-Élysées—could you do a rendering?'"

Doyle works out of his apartment in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, where he has lived since the early 1990s. His studio is lined with long wood-top desks, on which sit the computers he and an assistant use to create the animations; the north wall, made of glass brick,

lets in soft light. Like most artist's studios, it has a former life: It used to be the neighborhood barbershop.

Though today Williamsburg is a breathtakingly expensive place to live, and a favorite destination of well-heeled European tourists, it was a rough neighborhood when Doyle arrived. (My late uncle Bill Dutterer, an artist and no innocent to the hardscrabble artist's life—he saw a man get murdered outside his first studio, in Washington, D.C.—bought his paints from the Williamsburg Paint Company. In the 1980s and 1990s, he would visit the shop only in broad daylight, preferably accompanied by a friend.)

Doyle's apartment sits at the heart of one of the last remnants of the "old" Williamsburg, in a sort of urban eddy tucked into the crook of the Williamsburg Bridge off-ramp. It's the last toehold of a large Dominican community that predated the money and the tourists; there are fancy coffee shops and hip restaurants, yes, but there are also shabby all-night *tiendas*, corner shops where you can buy the paper and a pint of milk at 6:00 in the morning, before the hip joints open their doors.

I mention all this because Doyle, despite his Pennsylvania countryside roots, is fundamentally a New York artist. And a week after *Presto!* opened in Portland, he took over more than 50 video screens in the vast Fulton Street subway station in Lower Manhattan, not far from Wall Street and the World Trade Center.

One of the busiest stations in the system, Fulton Street sees more than 25 million commuters pass through each year. Like the more famous Grand Central Terminal, it's a place where multiple subway lines converge—a hub with many spokes. But unlike Grand Central, it's a thoroughly modern space, with glass walls and a central atrium that brings daylight four stories underground. And for at least the rest of this year, it will be Doyle's canvas.

Doyle was on edge when we met at Fulton Station, at 8:00 on a Thursday evening, for a test run: The subway authority had given him just two weeks' notice of the date. He'd had to completely re-cut and re-size *The Fluid* (fourth in the *Course of Empire* series) to fit screens of widely varying sizes and

These are not 19th-century paintings, static and plainly allegorical. They are densely layered—visually and in terms of meaning. They have soundtracks, often commissioned from one of Doyle's composer friends. And, of course, they move.



Doyle, in his Brooklyn studio. His animation work, he says, has become "much more hand-driven."

proportions. "I feel like this is what we do now," he said by way of a companionably nervous greeting: "Meet at an opening and hope for the best."

The best happened: At the appointed hour, the screens stopped displaying ads and train schedules, and scenes from *The Fluid* glowed to life. On the mezzanine, two huge screens showed animated rivers and sandhill cranes, transforming the space into a dream-zoo. A circle of screens in the lower atrium displayed animated rain that slowly evolved into abstract patterns. Still more screens, displaying still other scenes, were out of sight in the tunnels below. Doyle's idea was to present this cut-up and shortened version of *The Fluid* in the same sequence as the original, so that a commuter descending from the street to the trains would see it from start to finish. He hustled up and down escalators and stairs, checking that his plan was working. When it appeared to be doing so almost perfectly, he let out a relieved laugh. Still, he did note a playing-card-size section of one screen that was on the friz, and caught some tiny glitch in the sandhill-crane animation that didn't please him; he planned to fix it. "I can't let anything go!" he said.

Perfectionism is one trait that separates artists from hobbyists; doubt is another. "I am a great believer in art," Doyle had told me in Portland a few days earlier, minutes before *Presto!* formally debuted, "but I question the ability of these video installations to 'break through.' Do people recognize that they are different from advertising?" (At Fulton Street, people seemed to: I caught hurried New Yorkers stopping and staring, momentarily transfixed.)

Politics provide a third distinction—and that word means something different to artists than to most of us. "Having a

didactic response that is intended to persuade people of a point of view isn't our job," Doyle told me in May, as *Presto!* was coming into form. "It's important to take a position, but it's very important not to do something preachy. I hate work that's didactic, and I hate work that bludgeons you, and I'm not interested in using work as a tool to persuade people of a point of view. I am interested in what I think of as a Trojan horse approach, meaning you bring people in with this beautiful object, and the content leaks out."

Months later, in the car from the Portland airport, I mentioned *Commutable*, one of Doyle's first explicitly public works; it sparked a second conversation on the topic. Over the course of 10 days

in 1996, he had covered a rusting stairway leading to the pedestrian lane of the Williamsburg Bridge in 22-karat gold leaf. (The work was publicly commissioned, with a budget of \$7,500, but as Doyle told the *New York Times* while he worked, "We're digging into the personal coffers at this point.")

Doyle was inspired, he said, by a controversial work by Richard Serra, arguably the most influential sculptor of the last 60 years. In 1981 Serra had placed what amounted to a wall, made of 2.5-inch-thick, rust-skinned COR-TEN steel, across the plaza in front of the Jacob K. Javits Federal Building in Manhattan, the home of numerous federal agencies (today including the FBI and Homeland Security). *Tilted Arc* was a bold effort; it was also rude, forcing the people who worked in the Javits building to take a circuitous route daily to its doors. After years of controversy—a federal panel recommended that it be removed, Serra sued to have it stay—it was taken down in 1989.

Doyle said that he respected Serra's overt attempt to get people to alter, and therefore think about, their approach to government authority—the politics of the piece—but that he also found *Tilted Arc* "profoundly ungenerous." *Commutable* was his effort to be generous and political in his own way. After all, the Williamsburg Bridge pedestrian lane, like the Javits building's plaza, was a gateway to work; it was the gateway for those Brooklynites too poor to take the subway to their jobs in Manhattan. As well, Doyle recalled, at the time he made *Commutable*, a number of prominent but outdated civic sculptures, of the 19th-century "General on Horseback" variety, were being re-gilded; the contrast with the Williamsburg Bridge site, which was "literally covered in needles" dropped by heroin users, was stark. "I thought it would be nice to give the community some gold," he told the *Times*.



Doyle mused that *Presto!* “circles back, maybe, to *Commutable*”—it is “political but exuberant,” he said. That meant, explicitly, not calling the piece, say, *Donald Trump’s Bag of Tricks*. It meant disguising the president’s hands behind the eye-popping carnival tricks they perform: coins afl at, dollar bills disappearing. It meant delivering a Trojan horse, and giving the community some gold.

The dry run in Portland went well. The projector projected; the minivan, after some trial and error, was persuaded to deliver enough electricity through a DC converter to power the 700-watt bulb. I got pretty good at helping set the projector onto its tripod—better, anyway, than the AWOL art students who had originally agreed to

the job. The air itself cooperated. Uncommonly hot and humid, and thick with the smoke of forest fires drifting down from British Columbia, the ether caught the projector’s beam and gave it an eerie solidity, like a spotlight. And Doyle was right about the bluff: Official sundown wasn’t until 9:30 or so, but downtown was in shadow by 8:45. As the darkness deepened, *Presto!* glowed ever brighter on the wall of the empty lot in Chinatown. Passersby stopped, stared, proclaimed it cool. Even the angry stranger behind us, leaning against his car and yelling into his phone—a domestic dispute made public—played a role: Like a circus barker, he attracted eyeballs. The experiment was sufficiently confidence-inspiring that Doyle would go on, later that week, to project *Presto!* from the van as it glided around the



city, “guerrilla-style,” just as he’d envisioned.

First, though, came the festival opener, the next night. Doyle wine-and-cheesed for a few hours with Converge 45’s backers in the courtyard of the Portland Art Museum; I met him as the confab wound down and the crowd began to thin. He wanted to put *Presto!* up while people were still around, and as we waited anxiously for his collaborator Cris Moss to arrive, Doyle became contemplative. “The thing is, art has no intention,” he said. “That is what makes it optimistic.” Then Doyle realized that we didn’t have to wait at all: He had the keys to the

LEFT: Doyle, below ground during a test of *The Fluid* in the Fulton Street Station on August 24. RIGHT: A street-level view. *The Fluid* runs for two minutes on the hour, day and night.



van; we could set up the projector on our own. A few minutes later, *Presto!* was a living work of public art, glowing on the wall of the museum.

We were set up at the edge of a city park, in a nice part of town; people were out for evening strolls. A trio of stylishly dressed women stopped to watch. Doyle drifted toward them. What is it, they asked? *An entry in the festival*. Did you make it? *I did*. How? *I hand-animated and digitally manipulated it*.

The women drifted off, but one stopped and looked again, then took a few steps and looked a third time. Was there something familiar about those hands? ■

Tim Heffernan is a writer based in New York City.

Fifty years ago,
Catholic college
leaders gathered in
the Wisconsin woods
to consider how
they would compete
in the postwar
marketplace of
American education.

MISSION STATEMENT

A Boisi Center
conference asks:
Could it be time for
another meeting?

BY WILLIAM BOLE

BETWEEN 1962 AND 1965, thousands of Catholic bishops, theological advisors, and others from around the world met in Rome at a series of doctrinal meetings known as the Second Vatican Council. There, as it is often said, they collectively threw open the windows of the Catholic Church, instituting well-known reforms such as Mass in the vernacular.

At the same time, one familiar and significant sector of the institutional Church—Catholic higher education—was also direly in need of ventilation. In the United States, for one example, Catholic universities plied their trade in the

context of the modern research university, but with little about them that addressed modernity and offering few, if any, programs that would attract the most talented and ambitious Catholic students. In the mid-1960s, not a single Catholic institution in the country stood in the upper reaches of colleges and universities.

Vatican II barely spoke to this matter, but in the summer of 1967, a collection of 26 U.S. Catholic leaders—university presidents, senior administrators, and lay trustees, bishops and scholars and high-level religious—stirred by the currents of the council and what they saw as the challenge



that Catholic colleges faced, made plans to meet at a gate in Chicago's O'Hare Airport. From there they would fly together to a remote location, where they would spend four days trying to agree on a reimagining of American Catholic higher education.

On a mid-July day, this swath of distinguished Catholics boarded a twin-propeller plane owned by the University of Notre Dame, on their way to a Notre Dame facility in the Wisconsin wilderness that conducted biological research, notably on mosquitos. Their destination was a set of (un-air-conditioned) buildings near a small resort town called Land

Among the Land O'Lakes participants in 1967 were (highlighted, from left) presidents Hesburgh of Notre Dame, Walsh of Boston College, Reinert of St. Louis, and academic VP Donovan of Boston College.

O'Lakes. Invited and led by two of the nation's most eminent Catholic college presidents, Theodore Hesburgh, CSC, of Notre Dame, and Paul Reinert, SJ, of St. Louis University, the entourage included six university presidents, among them Boston College's Michael P. Walsh, SJ (who served 1958 to 1968), accompanied by his academic vice president, Charles F. Donovan, SJ.

For four days, the men (no women participated in the meeting) stayed in rustic quarters and deliberated on the future of Catholic higher education; for recreation, they fished in streams and bogs (while swatting mosquitoes). On July 23, they issued their five-page "Statement on the Nature of the Contemporary Catholic University," which became known as "The Land O'Lakes Statement," in which they resolved that the "Catholic university of the future will be a true modern university but specifically Catholic in profound and creative ways for the service of society and the people of God."

The idea that Catholic higher education needed to make a greater effort to meet the intellectual standards of the post-war era was hardly new. A provoking public pronouncement on the matter had been voiced in 1955, when a soft-spoken monsignor and Church historian named John Tracy Ellis penned a rattling essay exposing the meagerness of U.S. Catholic scholarly output across disciplines and lamenting that American Catholics through history have "remained relatively impervious to the intellectual movements of their time." The essay, "American Catholics and the Intellectual Life," appeared in the journal *Thought*, and was published as a book the following year. As presidents, vice presidents, and people of influence, those who gathered at Land O'Lakes were impatient with the unhurried progress toward academic vigor in their sector and frustrated by various forms of ecclesiastical control over the institutions.

IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS, the 50th anniversary of Land O'Lakes has rekindled a sometimes-fractious debate on the nature and identity of Catholic higher education. Some have gone so far as to see insidious motives behind Land O'Lakes, which came at a time when Catholic universities were just beginning to place themselves under the legal control of independent, appreciably lay boards of trustees rather than ecclesiastical authorities such as the Society of Jesus (Boston College took this step in 1972). "The Land O'Lakes Statement Has Caused Devastation for 50 Years" was the title of a commentary last July, authored by Patrick J.



Panelists discuss the Wisconsin meeting's legacy in Gasson 100.

FROM LEFT: Presidents Sean Sheridan of the Franciscan University (Steubenville) and LeMura of Le Moyne, journalist Peter Steinfeld, presidents Jenkins of Notre Dame and Hemesath of St. John's (Minnesota), and moderator James M. O'Toole, the Clough Millennium Professor of History at Boston College.

Reilly, president and founder of the Cardinal Newman Society, which describes itself as dedicated to "promoting and defending faithful Catholic education." Reilly and others argue that the 1967 group intentionally and successfully secularized Catholic higher education—made it less Catholic—

for purposes of gaining stature in secular academia and qualifying for federal funding, including research grants and financial aid. The statement "represented a public, deliberate choice for opportunity over mission," wrote Reilly on the Newman Society's website. "I accuse the signers of succumbing to the temptation of worldly prestige." Similarly, in a July article for *Crisis Magazine*, priest-author George W. Rutler said those who gathered at Land O'Lakes "were fraught with a deep-seated inferiority complex, rooted in an unspoken assumption that Catholicism is an impediment to the new material sciences, and eager to attain a peer relationship with academic leaders of the secular schools."

On October 11, seven Catholic university presidents were among the featured participants at an all-day conference, "Land O'Lakes at 50: The State of Catholic Higher Education," held in Gasson Hall and sponsored by Boston College's Boisi Center for Religion and American Public Life together with the Institute for the Liberal Arts, the Morrissey College of Arts and Sciences dean's office, and

the Office of the Provost and Dean of Faculties. As a group, the speakers and panelists could be loosely characterized as Land O'Lakes sympathizers; so could undoubtedly the hundred or so attendees, a mix of faculty, administrators, and graduate students mostly from Catholic colleges in New England, seated at long rectangular tables draped with white cloths. There was, however, much conversation about the statement's limitations as a creature of its turbulent times—and the 21st-century concerns that could engender a new Land O'Lakes.

Delivering the opening keynote was the Notre Dame historian of religion John T. McGreevy, who noted in his remarks that the controversial statement actually drew scant notice in 1967 but gradually filtered into Catholic discussions. It eventually "became a fetish item in battles between liberal and conservative Catholics" over the direction of Church-related colleges and universities, he added. McGreevy took up the accusatory question of whether the signers had plotted for "a diminishment of Catholic identity as a necessary step to compete with and mindlessly imitate" the likes of UCLA and Northwestern. "Quite the opposite," he said, explaining that the authors "saw themselves as fostering and forging a deeper Catholic identity" (the statement itself declared that every Catholic university must be a community of learners and scholars in which "Catholicism is perceptibly present and effectively operative").

Then McGreevy entertained a less bellicose question—whether the ideas championed in the statement had the unlooked-for effect of making Catholic universities less intentionally Catholic. "It's a reasonable argument," the historian said. He pointed out that the signers could not have foreseen the tides of secularization that would soon begin washing through the broader culture, reaching young Catholics, faculty members, and even many priests and nuns, who left religious orders that ran the schools. Those forces made it harder for universities to bolster their Catholic character at the same time that they were struggling to lift academic standards by attracting research-oriented faculty, many of whom, he said, "were almost instinctively loyal, maybe more loyal, to the disciplines in which they trained than the institutions at which they worked."

McGreevy added that the "reasonable arguments" against Land O'Lakes are unconvincing. He said Catholic universities such as his are, if anything, "more intentional" and explicit in their nurturing of Catholic identity than they were 50 or even 20 years ago. That's at

least partly because they have to be—they can't assume that present-day students and faculty arrive with any substantial religious influences or commitments. He also suggested that the undisputed academic and financial success of national Catholic research universities has made it easier to recruit the nation's most ambitious young Catholic students and help shape their approach to learning and life.

IN THE LAND O'LAKES STATEMENT, two words have haunted subsequent Catholic debates: "true autonomy." As in, "To perform its teaching and research functions effectively the Catholic university must have a true autonomy and academic freedom in the face of authority of whatever kind, lay or clerical, external to the academic community itself. To say this is simply to assert that institutional autonomy and academic freedom are essential conditions of life and growth and indeed of survival for Catholic universities as for all universities."

During an afternoon panel discussion at the conference, Margaret O'Brien Steinfels, a prominent Catholic writer and retired codirector of the Fordham Center on Religion and Culture, pointed to "unintended consequences of declaring independence from Church authorities." She cited in particular a gradual weakening of ties between Catholic scholars—theologians, but also economists and others—and the Church's hierarchy, often resulting in less involvement by these intellectuals in public statements developed by Catholic bishops on topics such as immigration, global justice, religious freedom, and marriage and family. Gregory Kalscheur, SJ, dean of the Morrissey College, followed with this probe: "Was the autonomy in Land O'Lakes understood too radically?"

Picking up on that thread in a keynote, William P. Leahy, SJ, president of Boston College and the author of *Adapting to America: Catholics, Jesuits, and Higher Education in the Twentieth Century* (1991), agreed that the Land O'Lakes authors "did not always convey ideas with sufficient nuance and clarity." At the same time, he doubted they ever had any wish to separate themselves and their institutions from the institutional Church. They did have one eye on accrediting organizations and the other on state and federal courts, which had begun ruling that Catholic and other religious colleges were ineligible for public education dollars on grounds that they were sectarian, Leahy noted. He added that the language of "true autonomy" had to do with those prac-

Drawing scant notice at the time of its issuance, the Land O'Lakes Statement eventually "became a fetish item in battles between liberal and conservative Catholics" over the direction of Church-related colleges and universities.

tical worries but also “reflected the frustration of Catholic educational leaders with interference” by bishops and religious superiors. Indeed, in a previous talk at a similar conference sponsored by Notre Dame recently, Leahy related that Jesuit institutions in those days could not change curricula, expand programs, or even build new facilities without final approval by the Jesuit Superior General’s staff in Rome.

FIFTY YEARS ON, has Catholic education reached “another Land O’Lakes moment”? The phrase came from Linda M. LeMura, the first female lay president of Le Moyne College in Syracuse (and indeed of any U.S. Jesuit college), speaking on a panel titled “The Legacy of Land O’Lakes in Catholic Higher Education Today.” Judging from the panel discussions and questions and viewpoints from the audience, there would be no dearth of agenda items for such a “moment” of national dialogue.

For example, several attendees referenced “nones,” the accelerating numbers of young people and others who claim no religious affiliation. Former *New York Times* religion correspondent Peter Steinfeld observed that, while Catholic higher education leaders are more willing than ever to “confront and explain issues” of Catholic identity, such as the need to hire faculty who are comfortable with an institution’s Catholic mission, they face a growing challenge from students who are indifferent to religion. The deliberate institutional commitment to Catholic identity and the millennial drift from organized faith represent “two trend lines” pulling in opposite directions, said Steinfeld, who, with his wife, Margaret, is the other retired codirector of the Fordham Center. In other words, while weekend retreats, faith-oriented service activities, and interdisciplinary programs inspired by the Catholic liberal arts tradition are popular with students, their relationship to a university’s explicitly Catholic mission is frequently not students’ central interest.

No one on the platform (set up in front of Gasson’s tall stained-glass windows) had a precise plan for addressing this phenomenon. “They’re interested in spirituality in some ways, but their relationship to the institution is much diminished,” acknowledged John I. Jenkins, CSC, Notre Dame’s president, speaking of students. “I don’t have an answer to that but I think it’s one of the more important questions we face.”

Delicate matters touching on institutional survival, par-

Students are “interested in spirituality in some ways, but their relationship to the [Church] is much diminished,” said Notre Dame’s Jenkins. “I don’t have an answer to that but I think it’s one of the more important questions we face.”

ticularly among smaller and financially strapped Catholic colleges, also surfaced. Conference participants mostly tiptoed around this question, with the Le Moyne president making perhaps the most direct comment in connection specifically with Jesuit institutions. “We might not be 28,” said LeMura, referring to the current tally of Jesuit colleges and universities in the United States. “Is 28 the right number? Is 25 the right number? And who’s going to decide?”

And then there are Latino-Americans to consider, now making up more than half of the millennial Catholic generation. In his lecture, McGreevy said that how Church institutions of all kinds “welcome, absorb,

and transform themselves” for the children and grandchildren of the 20th century’s Latino immigrants constitutes perhaps “the most important 21st-century Catholic identity test.” In the last of three panel discussions that day, Michael Hemesath, the first lay president of St. John’s University in Collegeville, Minnesota, said Catholic colleges and universities must “provide an education boost” to the Latino population just as they did for earlier waves of immigrants as well as the GI Bill and Baby Boom generations.

Other agenda items for a second Land O’Lakes moment included how to engage faculty members of all disciplines and persuasions in the Catholic intellectual tradition (very carefully, it seems), and how to connect service projects more closely with Catholic identity (“reflection” will be a keyword in that respect, especially in the Jesuit context). By day’s end, the presidents and others were asking what comes next, and in the ensuing weeks, the Boisi Center’s director, Mark Massa, SJ, was exploring what he called a possible Phase II of the conference.

If there’s ultimately a second Land O’Lakes-style meeting under whatever auspices, at least two things about that convergence will be certain. First, the representation of Catholic higher-education leaders will hardly look the same as the Hesburgh-Reinert gang of 26, who in their formal group portrait, mostly in white shirts tucked or untucked into black pants, could easily be taken for participants in a seminary reunion, class of 1937. Second, the dominant concerns will not be academic quality and intellectual competitiveness or the freedom to construct a building except with approval from Rome. As the colloquy in Chestnut Hill made clear, the challenge for the next 50 years is most likely to be that perennial and exacting test of Catholic higher education, shaping and sustaining an integral mission in the face of change. ■

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In old age, Boomers are less likely to receive the family support their parents did

From the Burns Library

Among the most vivid Irish figures of late-19th-century Boston was John Boyle O'Reilly (1844–90). He arrived in 1870, after escaping from prison in Australia, where he had been transported from Ireland for Fenian recruiting. Within three years, he was editor of the *Pilot* newspaper, an ardent voice for social reforms and civil rights. O'Reilly published his *Songs from the Southern Seas and Other Poems* in 1873. The first edition lies open below, accompanied by an 1874 reprint. The book is dedicated to "Captain David R. Gifford," who pulled the author from a row-boat off the coast of Australia onto a whaler out of New Bedford, Massachusetts. According to the 1928 note penned by O'Reilly's daughter Mary Boyle O'Reilly, the sperm whale tooth at right (measuring six inches long, and weighing 11 1/2 ounces), was "brought ashore by Father when he landed."





Unidentified combatants in a Pittsburgh gym, circa 1938–45.

BITTERSWEET

By Carlo Rotella and Michael Ezra

Once as popular as baseball, boxing somehow slugs on

THE MORE YOU KNOW ABOUT BOXING, THE MORE YOU discover that you never truly know what's going on. Even if you have the best ringside seat and the best-placed inside sources at your disposal, even if you're a fighter or a trainer or manager, even if you're Don King in 1990 and you control the prime Mike Tyson and the world heavyweight title and the lion's share of the boxing business (but not Buster Douglas), you still confront an infinite sequence of unknowns and mysteries. Even if you can watch enough of a fighter's training sessions and bouts to arrive at a reliable assessment of his ability, there are still crucial considerations that don't yield so easily to observation: What did he learn from previous bouts? What else has happened to him, perhaps far beyond the ring, that affects him as a boxer? Where's the money behind his next fight coming from and going to, and what outcome would serve those interests?

The mysteries multiply, of course, when you push past the

prosaic *who, what, where, when, and how* of boxing and into the analytical *why* and the interpretive *what did it mean?* The compelling spectacle of boxing inspires the impulse to plumb its significance and understand the workings of the machinery that produces it, to see what goes on inside and behind the violent whirlwind of manmade force.

Boxing has always attracted writers because it issues a standing challenge to their powers of description and imagination, and also a warning—really, a promise—that no matter how many layers of meaning you peel away there will always be others beneath them. Pierce Egan, the early-19th-century chronicler of England's bare-knuckle fight scene, called boxing “the sweet science,” and the name stuck despite being at best a partially apt epithet for such a punishing trade. Yes, the world of hurt in which boxers move makes their technique and strategy all the sweeter to behold. It's one thing to sink a 20-foot putt to win the Masters and another

thing entirely to rally with a picture-perfect combination after being battered so badly that not only your career but your physical well-being and possibly your life are on the line. But that same lethal context, extending beyond the ring to include the ungloved savagery that characterizes the business side of boxing, appends a dark, smoky aftertaste to even the sweetest display of style or heart. “Bittersweet” strikes us as the more fitting adjective.

All worthwhile fight writing is bittersweet because boxing, like war, is both a magnificent subject and a cruel, morally indefensible one. The recognition that fighters are hurt and exploited not as a side effect of boxing but as part of its compromised essence gives boxing writing a melancholy undertone, a brooding quality deepened by the fight world’s autumnal obsession with its own past glories.

A.J. Liebling published *The Sweet Science*, a collection of *New Yorker* essays still widely regarded as the GOAT (Greatest of All Time) of boxing books, in 1956. When Liebling began writing fight pieces in the 1930s, boxing was woven deeply into the fabric of neighborhood life and mainstream culture, baseball was its only peer as a popular sport in America, and on any given Friday night there were fight cards at union and church halls as well as stadiums in cities across the land. By the mid-1950s, he could see the signs of boxing’s ongoing long-term decline into a niche sport. While

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brilliant talents were still entering the fight world, the numbers of competent trainers and boxers were shrinking under pressure from deindustrialization, suburbanization, the coming of TV, universal secondary education, and the rise of football and basketball and other school-based games. Liebling delivered this news self-mockingly, his way of steering around the trap of sounding like yet another fight-world crab lamenting that everything used to be better. Sorrowing over the loss of manly prowess is a habit as old as Homer, the original fight writer, who took a little time-out from the action to note whenever one of his heroes picked up a stone that two strong men of his own sadly degenerate era could not lift together.

A lot has changed in boxing since *The Sweet Science* was published. In addition to some of the most celebrated ring careers of all time—including those of Muhammad Ali, Sugar Ray Leonard, Roberto Durán, Mike Tyson, Roy Jones Jr., and many other major figures—there’s the heavyweight boom of the 1970s and the middleweight cycle of the 1980s, the rise of women’s boxing and white-collar boxing, the Eastern European invasion, the simultaneous global expansion and street-level contraction of the fight world, and the rise of mixed martial arts as a competing blood sport. Some aspects of the contemporary fight world haven’t changed much at all since Liebling’s time—or Homer’s, for that matter. Styles still make fight speed is still power, and a good big man still beats a good little man except when he doesn’t. But it’s a bittersweet fact

of life that, like a former champ pushing 40—still potent, in some ways trickier and more compelling than ever, but also clearly no longer what he was—boxing in the 21st century is well into its post-prime.

And yet, boxing still pervades our culture, soaked into life and language like the stink of sweat into old hand wraps. Hollywood keeps making boxing movies—or the same one, over and over—as if boxing was still one of the two most popular sports in America. Characters based on Ali, Tyson, and other fighters have been all over Broadway and Off-Broadway stages in recent years. The reporting of elections abounds with candidates on the ropes, getting off the canvas, going for the knockout, and otherwise enacting boxing-derived clichés (including wrongheaded ones, like dismissing a fighter as a “lightweight,” which should really be a compliment, since pound for pound a good lightweight is superior to a good heavyweight). And the old-school cachet of boxing still attracts actors, pop stars, athletes in other sports, and miscellaneous big shots, who mime boxers’ training and show up for big fights. The mainstream action heroes in attendance at the showdown in 2015 between Floyd Mayweather Jr. and Manny Pacquiao included Tom Brady, LeBron James, Michael Jordan, Jay-Z, Beyoncé, Mark Wahlberg, Robert De Niro, Clint Eastwood, and four different men who played Batman, all basking in the reflected glow of two fading welterweights.

The long tradition of writing about boxing goes back to the one-punch KO of the hopelessly outclassed Euryalus by the champion Epeus during the funeral games for Patroclus in Book 23 of Homer’s *Iliad*. Euryalus, knocked out of time by the decisive blow (or, if you prefer, dropped, stopped, starched, stretched, nailed, drilled, crushed, felled, flattened, waxed, smoked, dumped, decked, laid out, poleaxed, coldcocked, put to sleep, iced, KITFO—the lexicon of boxing has more ways to say it than the proverbial Eskimos have for snow), has been falling for the better part of three thousand years:

the way a leaping fis
falls backward in the offshore sea when north wind
ruffl s it down a beach littered with seawrack:
black waves hide him.

The fundamental unfairness of this obvious mismatch doesn’t interfere with appreciating the craft of either Epeus or Homer. The opposite, in fact. Seeing the mismatch for what it is, recognizing a prizefight as both a heroic athletic contest and a bruisingly asymmetrical transaction, only adds more layers to the richness of the passage, a subtly enhanced complexity of flavor that we might as well call bittersweet. ■

Carlo Rotella is the director of the American Studies program at Boston College. Michael Ezra is a professor of American multicultural studies at Sonoma State University. Their essay is drawn and adapted with permission from the book *The Bittersweet Science: Fifteen Writers in the Gym, in the Corner, and at Ringside*, which they coedited. Copyright © 2017 The University of Chicago. All rights reserved. The book may be ordered at a discount from the Boston College Bookstore via bc.edu/bcm.



In 2012, the woman at right was living with her daughter (left). Her granddaughter had given up her job to be her daytime caregiver.

FUTURE CARE

In old age, Boomers are less likely to receive the family support their parents did

IN 2026, THE ADVANCE GUARD OF THE 76.4 MILLION-strong U.S. Baby Boom generation (born 1946–64) will enter their 80s. Among those reaching age 85, it is expected that more than half will need assistance with what healthcare professionals call activities of daily living—getting out of bed, dressing, cooking, etc. Some will turn to formal care options—nursing homes, assisted-living facilities, the services of a visiting nurse—but a large number, whether for economic or personal reasons, will rely on family. Two economists at Boston College’s Center for Retirement Research (CRR), Alice Zulkarnain and Gal Wettstein, recently studied the extent to which adult children typically cared for their elderly parents between 1995 and 2010. They reported their findings in a CRR briefing paper.

Using data collected on some 20,000 adults age 50 and older (part of the University of Michigan’s federally funded Health and Retirement Study), the Boston College researchers teased out information on the caregiving that Americans born before 1925 (primarily the GI Generation) received from their children born 1925–45 (the so-called Silent Generation). They found that 17 percent of adult children took care of their parents at some period in their lives for an average of 77 hours per month. Such “informal” care has a measureable financial impact. According to an analysis of

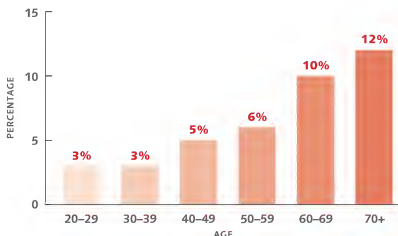
2011–12 data from the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the cost is \$522 billion a year in lost wages to the children, due to fewer working hours, slower career advancement, and/or early retirement. That’s more than twice the estimated \$211 billion spent on formal care in 2011 alone. The cost can be measured also in the incidence among family caregivers of depression and heart disease. Women caregivers—and most family care providers *are* women—spend 47 percent more on their own health than do women who do not provide care.

The Boomer generation, which clocked in with some 38 percent more members than its predecessor cohort, will almost certainly live longer. Boomers have fewer children, who are more dispersed geographically than children of earlier generations. The Boomers also have a relatively high divorce rate, reducing their odds of having a spousal caregiver. The confluence of these factors, Wettstein and Zulkarnain say, will create a surge in unmet demand for family care. As a result, the call for formal care is likely to increase “beyond historical levels,” they say, placing stress on long-term care insurers, especially the “already overburdened Medicaid system.”

CRR has published more than 700 working papers and briefs since its founding in 1998. Those, along with Zulkarnain and Wettstein’s “How Much Long-Term Care Do Adult Children Provide?” may be read at crr.bc.edu. —Thomas Cooper

Within Age Groups, Percentage of Adult Children Who Provided Parental Care,* 1995–2010

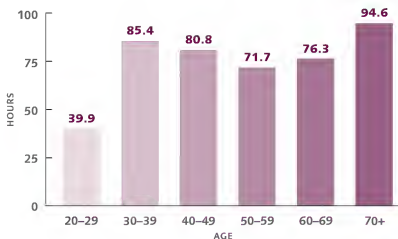
* Care is defined as assistance with activities of daily living, e.g., bathing, dressing, eating, using a phone, taking medications.



All parents in the study were born before 1925. At some point in their adult life 17 percent of children provided care to a parent.

Source: Zulkarnain and Wettstein's calculations based on Health and Retirement Study data.

Hours per Month Assisting an Elderly Parent, by Age of Adult-Child Caregivers, 1995–2010

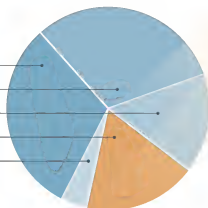


Source: Zulkarnain and Wettstein's calculations based on Health and Retirement Study data.

Breakdown of Total Hours of Eldercare Provided by Family and Volunteers, 2011

Spouse
Daughter
Son
Other relative
Non-relative (e.g., neighbors)

31%
31%
16%
18%
4%



Note: Sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, and grandchildren represent 50 percent of other relatives who provide care.

Sources: "Family Caregiving for Older People," Population Reference Bureau (2010); "Informal Caregiving for Older Americans: An Analysis of the 2011 National Survey of Caregiving," Spillman et al. (2014).

WHAT, ME WORRY?

By Thomas Cooper

The counterintuitive culture of the dark web

Isak Ladegaard, a Boston College Ph.D. student in sociology, first encountered Silk Road, the online black market, in early 2013 while a journalist at the newspaper *Aftenposten* in his native Norway. Silk Road had launched in January 2011, as a site where it was possible to trade in “Marijuana, Hash, Shrooms, LSD, Ecstasy, DMT, Mescaline, and more,” according to the public website created for advertising purposes. Part of the dark web—where all activity is hidden from search engines by powerful encryption software—the site promised anonymity to sellers and buyers. It used a program called the Onion Router (designed for U.S. military intelligence communications) to randomly redirect traffic and conceal the identity and location of senders and receivers. Payments were made with the encrypted digital currency Bitcoin.

As Ladegaard relates in an article published online in April 2017 by the *British Journal of Criminology* (“We Know Where You Are, What You Are Doing and We Will Catch You: Testing Deterrence Theory in Digital Drug Markets”), business boomed. By 2013, Silk Road had some 12,000 items for sale, from illegal drugs to counterfeit documents, and more than 957,000 registered users (the number of duplicate accounts is unknown). But in October of that year the FBI seized Silk Road’s servers, in Iceland and Pennsylvania, and arrested its 29-year-old American founder, Ross Ulbricht. He was convicted of money laundering, computer hacking, and conspiracy to traffic in narcotics. In June 2015, a U.S. district judge, citing criminal deterrence theory, imposed the most severe sentence possible, life in prison without parole. People need to understand “very clearly and without equivocation,” the judge wrote, “that if you break the law this way there will be very, very severe consequences.”

As a reporter, Ladegaard had interviewed Silk Road buyers and vendors (the latter especially “were very forthcoming,” he said, “because of the anonymity and, I think, because the rest of their life was so furtive”). As part of his thesis, the first-year doctoral student has undertaken to determine how Ulbricht’s severe and public punishment is affecting activity in the dark-web marketplaces.

Ladegaard tracked two sites, Agora and Evolution, for 10 months before and after Ulbricht’s conviction and sentencing, using buyer feedback (required by both marketplaces) as a proxy

for orders. He devised a computer program that identified all reviews (e.g., when a buyer of “7g Colombian cocaine” wrote, “5/5 Perfect! Fast and Great Product”), and he recorded almost 800,000 transactions. He also tracked readership of online news stories about the dark web during the same period (a piece on Ulbricht’s sentencing in *Wired* magazine, for instance, was viewed more than 500,000 times).

When he overlaid the trend lines for sales and media attention (factoring in a seven-day lag between stories and sales), he found that transactions multiplied in the days after a spike in dark-web news. In the two weeks after Ulbricht’s sentencing, daily sales on Agora and Evolution from U.S. vendors went from less than \$40,000 to more than \$100,000. International sales rose from \$100,000 to \$250,000. These increases suggest that, rather than serving as deterrents, even negative media accounts point new buyers and vendors to crypto marketplaces.

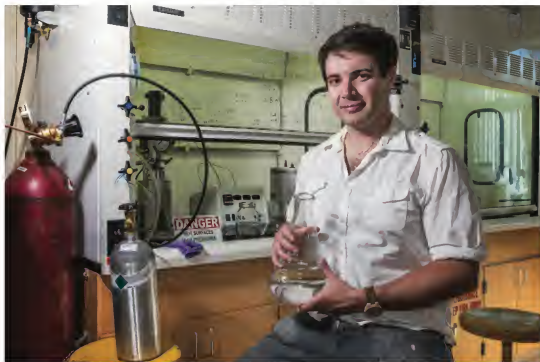
To gain insight into why a punitive sentence might fail as a deterrent, Ladegaard studied 1,017 posts from January 14 to June 29, 2015, on chatrooms for Agora, Evolution, and Hub, an independent dark-web forum. Many of those who wrote in (under pseudonyms) described Ulbricht in various ways as a “revolutionary” who established “free markets for all.” “Slingshot” compared the founder’s pioneering effort to “Christopher Columbus discovering America.” Others painted him as leading the battle against over-reaching government

and intrusive law enforcement. To its users, it seems, Silk Road was a social movement.

What brought down Silk Road in the opinion of many who posted was Ulbricht’s own carelessness. Citing trial evidence that he had not secured his laptop, numerous posters echoed a comment by “Knife” that Ulbricht was “an absolute cement-head when it came to security.” Placing blame on one man, Ladegaard says, allowed for continued trust in other dark-web sites. What’s more, he says, buying contraband “on a laptop from your kitchen table” simply diminishes the “perceived sense of risk.”

Ladegaard and his dissertation advisor, sociology professor Stephen Pfoh, recently received a \$55,200 National Science Foundation grant to support Ladegaard’s research. ■





Sheehan, in his laboratory in Fall River, Massachusetts.

Powerdriver

By Lydialyle Gibson

Energy innovator Stafford Sheehan '11

A 29-year-old electrochemist and entrepreneur, Stafford Sheehan in 2015 founded Catalytic Innovations, a Rhode Island-based company whose goal, he says, is “to try and save the world, basically”; to fight climate change and eventually bypass fossil fuels; to take carbon dioxide from the air and, using solar-powered electricity, transform it into fuels and other commercial chemicals. And, crucially, to develop technology that can do all that inexpensively enough and on a large enough scale to be commercially viable. That last part has eluded scientists for years, despite the promise that artificial photosynthesis has shown in the laboratory.

Sheehan, who built the company’s first reactor in his mother’s garage and has since taken on two full-time employees and two cofounders—including Yale chemist Paul Anastas, who led the EPA’s research and development office under Obama—has had some success already, both scientifically and commercially. Right now, he is working to scale up his production of ethanol, which is used not only as a biofuel but also in fragrances, cleaners, and alcoholic spirits. “We can make ethanol that is cleaner and purer and more renewable,” Sheehan says, “than what you get from fermenting corn,” which requires distilling out toxic compounds such as methanol.

Meanwhile, Sheehan has found industrial applications—and paying customers—for individual parts of his technology. Iridium-based catalysts discovered early in his research on artificial photosynthesis can be used on their own to prevent lead from leaching into wastewater during metal refining processes. His catalysts also help treat dairy wastewater, converting lactic acid, a contaminant created in Greek yogurt production, into carbon dioxide. In 2016, *Forbes* named Sheehan to its list of “30 Under 30” in the energy field, and earlier this year *Chemical and Engineering News* included him as one of 2017’s “Talented Twelve.”

Originally a computer science major and Arabic minor at Boston College (and then, briefly, pre-med), Sheehan took a chemistry class his freshman year that led pretty quickly to a job in associate professor Dunwei Wang’s lab, researching ways to use metal oxides—rust, for example—to split water into hydrogen (a fuel) and oxygen, with sunlight. He went on to Yale and a Ph.D. in physical chemistry. “The idea was always to make a renewable fuel—carbon-neutral with sunlight as the input,” he says. “I started doing that in Dunwei’s lab and never stopped.”

Lydialyle Gibson is a writer in the Boston area.



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